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The Macdonald FARM Journal



VOL. 19, NO. 4

NOVEMBER, 1958



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Editorial

Cosmopolitan Macdonald

MACDONALD College exists mainly for the purpose of providing undergraduate and graduate training in agriculture and giving instruction in home economics and education. Important research is also carried at the College and extension activities are of importance. Also of significance is our work with Diploma students, who will return to farming. Consequently, it is a great satisfaction to the staff that twenty-two students, largely from the rural areas of Quebec, are registered in the first year of the Diploma course.

Like other faculties of McGill, we take pride in the cosmopolitan character of our student body. In first year degree agriculture, which numbers some sixty-five students, forty per cent come from homes in the Province of Quebec. What is most important, seven new students in this course represent a French-speaking background. It is gratifying to those who teach at Macdonald that this proportion is increasing. This would seem to be an important measure of a direct service to the Province of Quebec.

Ten From Caribbean

Only slightly behind the Province of Quebec in providing students for the freshman year at Macdonald is Ontario which contributed some twenty new students. Coming from the United Kingdom and Europe are a dozen new pupils who will undoubtedly have an influence on the campus far beyond their numbers. The same may be said of the thirteen new students from the Caribbean area. Perhaps more than any other agricultural college, Macdonald has served as a training ground

for professional agricultural workers from that region. If all goes well, the College should have a graduating class close to sixty, of which about ten students will represent the Caribbean area. Another important group in the degree agriculture student body of about two hundred and seventy-five is the dozen students who come to us with exceptionally good training from the agricultural schools of the Netherlands.

Scientific Training

They pick up far more than their share of academic honours. This year Macdonald has three Hungarian students, one Yugoslav, as well as several students from Africa and Asia.

Anyone who looks inside the universities of the United Kingdom is impressed by the numbers of overseas students; yet the proportion is only ten to twelve per cent. At Macdonald it is about twenty-five per cent.

One of the greatest advantages of Macdonald is the arrangement by which the Nova Scotia Agricultural College and Prince of Wales College in Prince Edward Island are affiliates. Students who have two years of university training in these schools may secure the Bachelor's degree with a further two years at Macdonald. In the present year, twenty-two students from the Maritimes entered Macdonald's third year. In our graduating class there will be about fifteen Maritimers. Anyone familiar with campus affairs quickly realizes that the Maritime group makes itself felt. Over the years these students have evidenced a high order of abil-

ity, particularly of initiative and originality.

The degree agriculture curriculum at Macdonald is built very largely around scientific training. In the first two years of the course great emphasis is laid on mathematics, chemistry, physics and biology and little training in agriculture is provided. In the latter two years students are given an opportunity to specialize in one of some eight or ten areas, e.g. agronomy, animal husbandry, economics, poultry, chemistry, etc. or to take a course in general agriculture. It is at this stage that the intensive agriculture takes place. In the case of students specializing in the chemical and biological fields, there is little training in agriculture at any stage.

What Happens to Graduates?

What happens to Macdonald graduates? From twenty-five per cent to thirty per cent proceed to graduate studies and become the highly trained scientists employed by government, by industries, and by universities. Many of these graduates stay at Macdonald for graduate study, but this is not generally encouraged. This is a stage of intellectual development when students should get out and see how things are done elsewhere. Contact with new students and new instructors is most important. The balance of our graduates divide themselves fairly evenly between jobs in industry and jobs in government. In both these fields Macdonald graduates rise rapidly to responsible posts. A few graduates turn to farming — something that makes the teaching staff very happy.

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Editor, H. GORDON GREEN, Ormstown, Que.

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For more information, write New Holland Machine Company (Canada) Limited, Brantford, Ontario.

NEW HOLLAND NH "First in Grassland Farming"



Nutritionist E. Donefer secures rumen sample from animal with fistula in its side.



Dr. Earl Crampton, head of the Department of Animal Nutrition at Macdonald.

Rumblings in the Rumen

Hay has all the feed energy a cow needs — the trouble is most of it is wasted. How to unlock this wasted energy is the big problem faced by Macdonald nutritionists

by RAY ABBEY

If you have ever studied a cow chewing her cud you might think there's not much going on in her mind. But she knows a thing or two about feed — perhaps even more than the feed experts. At any rate, after observing Bossy's eating habits the nutritionists are just about ready to rewrite the textbooks and feeding manuals.

Yes, there's a whole new approach to this business of assessing feed value of hay, and Bossy's apparent preference for certain legumes is at the bottom of the upheaval.

Up to now everybody has had an opinion on quality, or lack of it, in a sample of hay. Some of these opinions haven't been too scientific.

The farmer, for instance, may judge hay from the feel of it, or the color.

The nutritionists — until recently — judged hay on a chemical analysis or feeding test. They point to columns of figures and say that this hay is better than that, because tests show it has more protein, carbohydrates, minerals or some such ingredient.

And old Bossy, who gets closest to the problem — in a mangerful of hay — shows her preference by eating lots of some hay and not much of another.

"This behaviour of the cow," say nutritionists like Dr. E. W. Crampton at Macdonald College, "may be a sounder basis for de-

termining feed value of a forage than comparative figures of the chemical constituents as presented in the feed manuals."

"It is the available feed energy in a forage that counts," he says. "Not whether it has a high percentage of minerals or carbohydrates, etc. Feed a hay from which a ruminant animal can extract energy and you don't have to worry about the various constituents. There will be enough there to meet the animals' requirements."

In other words, hay or pasture has just about everything. It can be a complete ration in itself. With high energy hay there may be no need to feed expensive grains and concentrates to balance the ration.

The trick is to get the animal to eat enough hay to get enough feed energy. This is where the rumen bacteria or microflora come in. They are the fellows that release the feed energy in forage — they make it available to the animal.

Here is what Dr. Crampton has to say. "This feed value or energy is largely tied up in the cellulose and hemi-cellulose of which hay and other roughages are composed. The cellulose has to be broken down or digested by the microflora or bacteria in the rumen in order to release the energy which can then be absorbed by the animal. The more active the bacteria or the larger their numbers in the rumen the more energy they are going to release from the cellulose in the hay. The more active the rumen bacteria the faster the rate of digestion and the more the animal will eat."

There's an explanation why — given good quality hay — a cow will eat lots of it. Forage quality is therefore linked with voluntary consumption.

"Why is it," we asked Dr. Crampton, "that ruminant animals like cows and sheep eat more and thrive better on early-cut, leafy legumes than they do on older tougher hay?"

"Because early-cut well cured hay is largely cellulose," says Dr. Crampton. "The cellulose-loving bacteria thrive on it. Older tougher hay has a higher percentage of lignin in relation to the cellulose, the energy releasing bacteria tend to die off on a diet of lignin and the rate of digestion slows down.

This theory on rumen bacteria also explains the apparent loss of

appetite when cattle change from one type of forage to another. Certain types of bacteria build up on certain types of forage. When their specific source of food comes to an end they die off, and there's some delay before other types better adapted to the new type of forage build up their strength.

Nutritionists at Macdonald College figure that if they can get a ruminant animal to consume voluntarily, hay at the rate of three pounds for every 100 pounds of animal weight they will have a near perfect forage. At least the cow will be getting enough feed energy to meet all its requirements.

Farmers know of course that they can't get their cattle to eat that much. Their forage is never good enough for the rumen bacteria to extract enough food energy — so they have to supplement it with more expensive grains and concentrates.

The nutritionists are busy finding out what makes rumen bacteria tick. How do they get more feed energy out of some hays than others? They also like to speculate on the fact that cellulose is very abundant in nature. It is found in all plant materials, like trees, and corn cobs.

"If we can get rumen bacteria to release feed energy from wood cellulose," the nutritionists ask themselves, "then we'd really have a cheap and abundant source of feed for cattle and sheep."

As a matter of fact, nutritionists in the United States have already found the key to releasing more feed energy from corn cobs. In feeding trials steers have been brought to full market weight on

a straight diet of corn cobs. Rumen bacteria were built up to the point apparently where they released enough feed energy from the corn cobs.

To speed up their studies of rumen bacteria, Dr. Crampton and his associates have set up in the laboratory a whole series of artificial rumens, in which the effects of bacteria on cellulose can be studied.

Qualities of cellulose, or hay, are placed in test tubes with a solution of what are believed to be essential ingredients. Live rumen bacteria are added and the solution treated continuously with a jet of carbon dioxide gas. This eliminates oxygen from the solution which would be fatal to rumen bacteria. The battery of test tubes, or artificial rumens, are then kept at a normal body temperature.

By varying the essential ingredients in the test tubes the nutritionists hope to learn just what the bacteria need most to break down the cellulose.

For this experiment the nutritionists require a steady supply of rumen bacteria. This they secure from a live animal, into whose side a fistula, or plastic window has been placed by the veterinarian. Samples of rumen can be removed from the animal by hand through the fistula.

When they've solved the mysteries of the rumen bacteria the nutritionists hope to have a better guide to the real feed values of hay. They will also have a better understanding of why a cow eats more lush green alfalfa, than tough dry straw.



Sample of the rumen. This is source of rumen bacteria required for "experimental" rumen.



This apparatus has everything that a cow's rumen has. Macdonald College nutritionists find it more convenient studying the digestive processes in the test tubes, however.

Why Does Agriculture Get a Comparatively Small Part of the Consumer's Food Dollar...?

by K. E. OGREN and F. F. SCOTT

Two U.S. farm economists get down to brass tacks about the farmer's fraction.

WHY do farmers receive such a comparatively small part of the dollar consumers pay for many food products? Why do retail prices often stay up, when prices received by farmers decline?

Agricultural Marketing Service throws some light on these perennial questions in a new report "Farm-Retail Spreads for Food Products."

To begin with, the difference—or spread—between the retail price of a product and the payment the farmer receives goes to a whole group of people who move the product from the farmer to the consumer. These include local assemblers, food processors, wholesalers, retailers.

The resources these marketing agencies use to do their share of the job (labor, processing plants, transportation equipment, for example) sometimes cost more than the resources farmers use to produce the crop in the first place.

This is particularly true of extensively processed items. But even an unprocessed product such as lettuce incurs major expenses like long transportation hauls and refrigeration. Consequently its marketing cost exceeds the farm production cost.

In 1957, farmers received an average of 40 per cent of the retail price of food products — that is, 40 per cent of the dollar the consumer spent for food. Marketing agencies received 60 per cent.

However, these are only overall averages. The figures varied widely with the product group. In general, the farmer's share is higher for meat and animal products than for food derived from crops.

For example, the farmer's share was 67 per cent for eggs in 1957, but only 17 per cent for bread. It costs farmers more to produce a dozen eggs than to raise the wheat for a pound loaf of bread. On the other hand, marketing agencies have to go through an expensive two-stage manufacturing process, milling and baking, to convert the farmer's wheat into bread, but they have no such problem in selling eggs at the retail grocery.

Obviously this doesn't mean that the income — the net return — of

the farmer who produces eggs is necessarily bigger than the net return of the farmer who produces wheat, merely because the egg producers share of the consumer's dollar is larger. His costs of production may also be larger.

The farmer's share of the consumer's food dollar has declined since 1950, when he got 47 cents. In 1957, the farmer received 7 per cent less for food products than in 1950, while the marketing charges (the farm-retail spread) increased by about 25 per cent.

Marketing costs are largely independent of the supply and demand factors that influence the prices the farmer receives. For that reason, retail prices may stay as high as before, even when the farmer is receiving less.

Many of these marketing costs are relatively inflexible because fixed over a period of time by contracts. Wages, for example. Leases. Freight rates. Public utility rates.

Many of these marketing costs do not go up as fast as farm prices in times of inflation, but they come down only very slowly. In fact, there are probably more rigidities in marketing costs today than ever before. Depreciation charges, for example, are higher. In a few cases, a guaranteed annual wage has to be considered.

Labor costs made up about half of the farm-retail spread — and these costs were 19 per cent higher per unit in 1957 than they were in 1950. Hourly wages were up about 40 per cent, but because of increased productivity the increase in cost per unit of output was only half as great.

Transportation costs which make up about one-eighth of the spread, were up about a fourth. Costs of fuel and electric power, containers and supplies, buildings, machinery and equipment rose an average of 30 per cent. Rents, taxes and advertising were among other costs up substantially.

Corporate profits have accounted for 5 to 10 per cent of the food marketing bill. Taxes have taken about half of these profits in most post-war years.

Another reason why the total bill for marketing farm food prod-

ucts has increased is that marketing agencies are handling more food and performing more services than they did in 1940.

The volume of food products marketed from U.S. farms is up by 50 per cent since 1940. The population has increased by only 30 per cent since that time. This means that the amount of food marketed per capita has increased.

Since 1940 the non-farm population has increased by almost 50 per cent, while the number of people living on farms decreased by a third. Since some farm people generally produce a part of their own food, former farmers who are now non-farm residents require a larger amount of food from marketing sources.

Finally, it's also true that a larger volume of food is being processed and ready prepared. More meals are eaten in restaurants. Both these results are due to employment and consumer incomes staying high and to more housewives being employed away from home.

However, all these trends do not lead in the same direction. It must be remembered that not all the extra processing adds to the cost. In some cases this cost may be offset by a reduction in waste and spoilage and the lower costs of shipping.—



"It's my son's place now. I retired a couple years ago."

Letters for our BEEF SECTION



PERSONAL OPINIONS MAKE PUBLIC OPINION

Dear Mr. Editor:

I wonder if it has occurred to you that a totalitarian society can get along even if its citizens do not strive very hard or care very much. But democracy does depend on what ordinary people think and do. Our problem, then, is to bring out in the everyday life of a village, a town, or a big city our love of liberty and sense of equality. None of us, in other words, can shuffle off the coil of personal responsibility. We cannot just accept the fact that public opinion is all important. We have to make sure by our own efforts that it is enlightened opinion.

E. W. Martin

LET'S HAVE NEWS

Dear Mr. Green:

"Congratulations" on the appearance of the renovated Macdonald Farm Journal. Such a magazine is badly needed in Quebec.

We'd also like your paper to carry brief reports on the agricultural outlook, etc., to help farmers plan their operations.

Yours truly,
Leslie G. Young,
Secretary.
Quebec Farmers' Ass'n.

A NOBLER TITLE

Dear Sir:

I agree with Mrs. Taylor in saying that the slogan which you seem to have chosen for the Women's Institute is dreadful. It is not only dreadful, it is ridiculous.

I beg to substitute if I may another slogan, taken too from our Institute Prayer which is really The Club Women's creed, composed years ago by Mary Stewart. My idea of a slogan would be "Straightforward and Unafraind" as more fitting to our organization, and as I have said previously, part of our creed.

I am certain if that idea is put before our members they will agree with me that its choice would be preferable to "The Better Impulse." Impulses vary.

A gentleman once in looking at two ladies in the same room regarding their features said to me that Mr. S. had been a Good Picker. I am afraid Mr. Green that in your choice of a slogan for the W. I. you have not been quite as Good a Picker as you usually are, even if you have given our magazine a new look.

Sincerely,
Janet P. Graham,
Cushing, Que.

PROTESTS ARTICLE

Dear Mr. Editor:

We all enjoy the new Macdonald Farm at our house. Most of it. But that article entitled "We Don't Need the New Breeds" made me see red! I wonder if it ever occurred to the author that less than 100 years ago practically all of our so-called established breeds were new. And the Holsteins weren't even British!

Nothing stands still. Change must come to every part of our living if we are to stay alive. And progress often demands dramatic changes. Up to this time our beef breeds and our sheep as well have all been of British origin and we have somehow come to think that to have anything else in the country is unpatriotic. And the great pity of it is that the colleges and the Government agricultural men who should be the ones to lead the way in livestock experimentation, invariably wait for some individual to take the first gamble with a new idea. Then they hold up a warning finger, next they watch, and finally, when there can be absolutely no more doubt, they jump on the band wagon and say that they suspected success right from the first.

Now that article you had on Macdonald's experimenting with North Country sheep was really

something. Not just because of a good breed of sheep, but because I figure that's the first time in Canadian history that a college ever went out on a limb and promoted something new in livestock.

But this other article I'm talking about, that's plain blind prejudice. All the writer has to do is to survey any of the results of the crossing or testing of these breeds which has been done in the U.S. and he will find that for all of the practical reasons one can think of, these breeds or their crosses, will outgain, and outgrow any of the established breeds and do it more economically. Would the writer by any chance be another of the eternally doubting agricultural officials?

M.L.

A Future Breeder of Charolais Ed. Macdonald Farm attributed the wrong name to this article. The real author is D. H. Forth of Grandview, Man., who is a genuine cattleman. Our apologies for the mistaken name.

HAVING TROUBLE WITH READING

Dear Mr. Green:

I like the new magazine and the heading for the Women's Section doesn't bother me. But I'd like to see something sometime on child training. I've got two kids here that just dread their reading lessons. Why should that be? I thought it was the best part of school work when I went. Is there no cure? Couldn't you give us an article on this sometime? Or have some of the other mothers any advice to give me?

Mrs. A. G.
Howick, Que.

ADVERTISING DEADLINE

FOR DECEMBER ISSUE

DEC. 1st.

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

gives a

Report to the Province



TREES ARE A CROP

SOME CASE HISTORIES By A. R. C. JONES



The clearing of slash here will mark the first step in a planned woodlot program.

ON a recent trip through Compton County in southern Quebec, the writer was fortunate in meeting several practising tree farmers who have become convinced that managing their woodlots for continuous crops is a profitable operation. These individuals not only believe in maintaining the quality of their woods by cutting mature timber when it is ripe, but also in reforesting areas on their farms that are not producing, or are slow in returning to trees. Compton

County, although supporting many good farms, is one of the finest areas for forest growth in the province, and the rapid seeding in of open fields to spruce, fir, cedar, poplar, grey birch and sugar maple, is often cursed by the farmer who needs a large area of pasture for his herd. However, in many cases the land is more productive as forest than as rough pasture. The following is a record of two of these farms:

Farm No. 1. Mr. Reg. Hodge's

farm is 532 acres in extent, of which 212 acres is wooded in one block, and another block consists of 175 acres. Besides his woods, he has a dairy herd of Holsteins, and also operates a small sawmill to manufacture his winter's cut when his other farm operations permit. His woods vary from pure spruce and fir to hardwood, and range in age from young, intermediate, to mature stands. In his father's time the 175-acre woodlot was purchased for grazing, but this has re-

forested itself naturally and is now almost completely wooded. The annual cut from the farm varies from 15,000 to 25,000 feet of logs; 50 to 100 cords of softwood pulp; and approximately 30 cords of hardwood for home use. He has grossed from the 212-acre block in the last 10 years approximately \$3,000 worth of sawlogs, \$7,500 worth of softwood pulp, and \$1,800 worth of firewood.

Examination of the area showed excellent growth, the cutting has been done in such a way that there has been little damage to the site or to timber left standing, and there is a good seed-catch with excellent seeding-in of fir and some spruce in the cut-over areas. He is to be highly commended on the way he has managed his woodlot, and can continue to expect returns similar to the above indefinitely. Mr. Hodge has been extremely enterprising in finding markets for his forest products, and has found good outlets for various specialties besides sawlogs and pulpwood. For example, he has found a market for elm boards in "oak casket" manufacture!

Beginning in 1955, Mr. Hodge reforested some open areas on the farm with 500 red pine and 500 white spruce. Since that time he has put in 6,000 white spruce, red pine and some Scotch pine. These plantings have survived well and are beginning to show good growth.

Farm No. 2. Mr. Weymar Laberee has a farm approximately 295 acres in extent of which 150 acres is wooded. Mr. Laberee is a very enthusiastic tree farmer and has spent considerable time imparting



Here, too much has been taken from one spot, and the removal of the slash will still leave a wasteful clearing.

this enthusiasm to Scouts in the area, and has reforested his rough pastures, selective cut his sugar bush, besides thinning and weeding a 95-acre tract that he acquired 8 years ago completely cut-over. Mr. Laberee has also experimented with some success with the transplanting of balsam fir, sugar maple and white ash. He has planted over 13,000 trees beginning in 1950. He became interested in the possibilities of tree farming due to a water shortage on his own farm during a drought year, and from observing the fine forest growth that occurs in this county. He has one of the best examples of an all-age sugar bush in the region with trees reaching maturity, intermediate age trees, and many seedlings and saplings coming along in the same area. He rigidly excludes cattle from this 35-acre bush and aver-

ages about \$1,000 a year from his sugaring operations. In addition, his woodlot operations bring him in approximately \$500 per year in the form of veneer logs, sawlogs, and firewood. This material is mostly cut from the sugar bush, mature trees that should be removed to bring along the younger stems. At the present time this is the only area where mature timber exists on the farm. The most surprising and encouraging, from the point of view of tree farming, records are those from the 95-acre cut-over bush that was purchased 8 years ago. This was cleaned-off completely in 1949, and in the last 4 years Mr. Laberee has grossed \$604 from this area, primarily in stove wood, Christmas trees, and a few scattered sawlogs left from the earlier cutting. The effects of thinning and improving the spacing of the better trees on this cut-over tract has boosted the growth rate on these stems prodigiously. The cut material is put to good use in the woodpile as Mr. Laberee uses approximately 35 to 50 cords of firewood from his woods annually.

The above records were obtained through the cooperation of the woodlot owners. They indicate the attractive returns possible from several tracts under varying stages of development combined with good management and skillful marketing.

Undoubtedly many other woodlot farmers in this area are doing commendable management jobs in their woods. It is hoped that the writer will have an opportunity of visiting and reporting on their activities in the near future.



Here is the woodlot as it should be with lots of undergrowth. Cattle are not allowed to enter.

Destruction of Field Mice in Orchards



The culprit

THE apple harvest is over but it isn't time for the orchardist to plan his rest before he has given some thought to protecting his trees against the ravages of field mice. And now is the time to do that.

The success of your defense depends upon how carefully and thoroughly you prepare your poison mixture, and how you place it. Knowing that field mice are most active in the afternoon, one should put out his mixture toward noon, and it is important that one place it in the pathways which these animals travel. Field mice make their nests in the orchard when there is no longer anything to eat elsewhere, and while a first treatment may be placed earlier, one should certainly repeat some time in November.

With this in mind, Andre Cloutier, Provincial Zoologist at the Department of Agriculture, Que-

bec, recommends the following formulae:

1. *Strychine*:

Sulfate of strychnine, powder	1/4 ounce
Corn syrup	1 pint
Water	1 pint
Rolled Oats	6 quarts

After having mixed the first three ingredients, bring them to a boil, and then cool. Then add the rolled oats and stir the whole thing until each flake of oatmeal is well covered with the poison.

WARNING! Strychine is a deadly poison and it is necessary to take the utmost precaution both in its preparation and application so that children or domestic animals will not come in contact with it.

2. *Red Squill*:

This preparation affects neither man nor beast. It is a specific for rodents. Prepare it as follows

Oats	10 lbs.
------	---------

Red Squill
Apple Juice

1 lb.

Dampen the oats with apple juice. Add the red squill and mix until each grain is covered with poison. You can use red squill also by powdering it on apple cubes or slices of carrots.

3. *Zinc Phosphate*:

Phosphate of zinc	1 teaspoon
Apple pieces	1 quart

Apple pieces should be about a half-inch in diameter. Mix them with the phosphate thoroughly. It is important that the mixture does not touch the hands so use gloves or a spoon. It is to be noted that weather affects zinc phosphate quickly and that this mixture should not be considered effective after a week's time.

Mechanical Prevention:

Metal screen or tar paper wrapped around the trunks of trees is very effective.

FISHERMEN'S LUCK

"Fishermen, the world over, have the most curious taboos and superstitions. There are, for instance, certain words like *pig*, *priest*, *rat*, which may not be mentioned among them. There are certain people to whom it is lucky or unlucky to sell fish. I remember Robert Flaherty, the film producer, telling me that when he was making his film, 'Man of Aran', he offered the Aran fishermen £5 apiece, and a barrel of stout, if only they would go out one stormy morning. But, in spite of his pleading, not one of them would budge, for hadn't they seen a little dead fish washed up on the shore that morning. And that was surely bad luck."

W. R. Rodgers, Irish poet.

Quebec Horticulturist Warns That Roses Must be Winterized

THE protection of rose bushes against the coming of winter should be completed during the first half of November, and practically all of the roses grown in Quebec need to be helped, hybrid teas, hybrid perpetuums and polyantha roses in particular.

The rigors of our northern winters affect our roses by damaging the wood of the bush, and this is the result of alternate freezing and thawing rather than exposure to extreme cold, says Daniel A. Seguin, specialist in ornamental horticulture for the Department of Agriculture at Quebec.

He recommends packing earth or sand around the plants to a height of 12 inches. The valleys resulting between plants may then be covered with dry leaves or straw, but not until there is at least an inch of frost on the surface of the ground. The soil should be frozen to prevent the burrowing of mice and other rodents who may build nests in the leaves.

He recommends further that the whole rose bed be then covered with evergreen limbs which will catch and hold the snow through the winter and thus form a protective blanket.

BY ANY NAME . . .

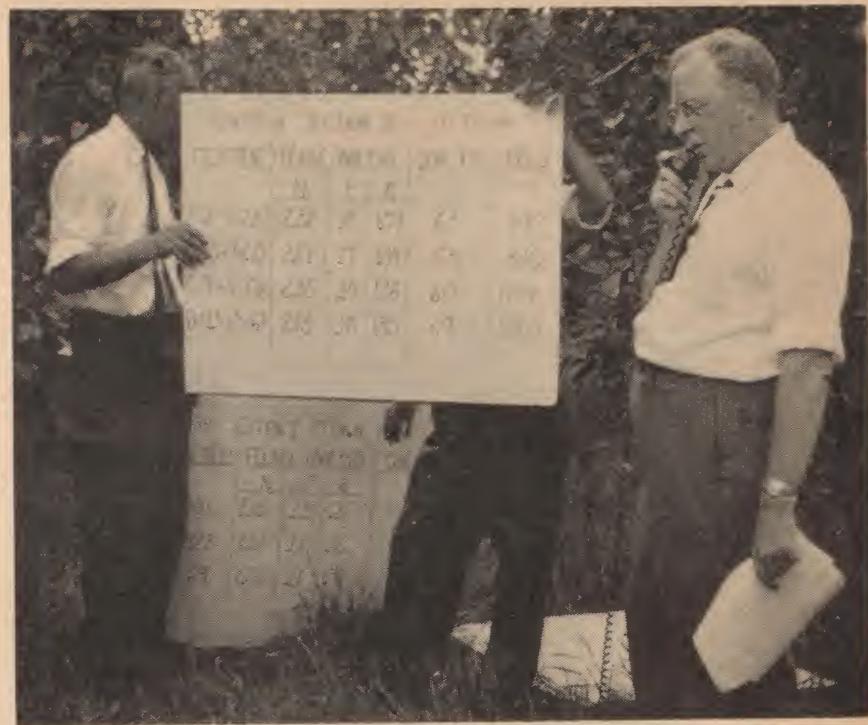
Some official in Winchester, not far from London, is no doubt blushing while the rest of the country is having a quiet chuckle.

The Planning Committee for that area specifies that flower beds shall be planted in front of new factories. A few days ago a man building a small new factory submitted his plans to the Committee. On these an area had been marked by the architect for the planting of "shrubs", but this did not satisfy the vigilant clerk dealing with the matter.

The application was returned with a note asking what kind of plants were to be put in? This was too much for the long-suffering prospective factory owner. He wrote back saying that he intended planting: 1. *Crataegus oxyacantha*; 2. *Calystegia sepium*; 3. *Taraxacum officinale*; 4. *Urtica dioica*; 5. *Ligustrum vulgare*; 6. *Rumex obtusifolius*; 7. *Sambucus nigra*; 8. *Circaeae lutetiana*.

Back came the reply: "Fine. Go ahead."

Comments the owner of the factory: "I now find myself in



Dr. H. Hill, Dominion Horticulturist at the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa, explains results of orchard mulching, for the benefit of members of the Quebec Pomological Society.

some difficulty, since I find I no longer wish to plant stinging nettle, bindweed, dandelions, docks and

deadly nightshade. Must I now apply for permission to make a change?"

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SUN LIFE OF CANADA

Coast to Coast in Canada

FEED SILAGE AND NO HAY?

Tests show feeding both hay and silage gives better results than either hay or silage alone.

BY N. N. ALLEN

We frequently receive inquiries on using grass silage as the only roughage. A few years ago, when silage was made with the equipment used for handling hay and corn silage, most dairymen preferred to put up most of the crop and corn silage, most of the crop as dry hay. Silage appealed to them mostly as weather insurance.

Now, with power equipment that takes the hard work out of the grass silage operations, it may actually go faster than haying, in addition to getting around the problems of poor drying weather.

So, why not do away with the dry hay entirely and put up the whole crop as silage? Some research done at the Michigan Experiment Station gives us some good information on this question.

Hay and silage compared . . .

They put half of a group of cows on an all-hay diet and the other half on all-silage. The silage and hay were made from the same crop harvested at the same time. Both groups got all they would eat.

After six weeks the groups were switched. The cows getting hay ate about a third more dry matter than

when they got silage. They gained weight on hay, but lost weight on silage. Milk production was about the same.

Another trial gave even greater differences. When the hay was soaked in water until it was almost as wet as the silage, the cows ate just as much as when fed dry. This shows that there is more to it than just the water in the silage.

When the silage was neutralized until it was no more sour than the hay, the cows ate no more than before. This proves that the acid in the silage is not to blame, either.

Maybe we would have to be a cow to figure out just why, but cows have pretty consistently told us that they will not eat as much dry matter in wet silage as in dry hay. It is not just lack of room, either, for the cows on the silage still drink quite a bit of water in addition to what they get in the silage.

Heifers gave similar results . . .

Another experiment with 24 yearlings gave similar results. These heifers ate more dry matter in hay than in silage, just as the milking cows had done. They also gained less on silage. And on a very

high moisture silage, they ate still less dry matter and gained very little. When some ground dry hay was mixed with the high-moisture silage, the heifers ate considerably more dry matter.

Well, this all adds up to the fact that while all of the roughage can be fed as silage, we will not get quite as good results as with hay. And, while these experiments were not set up to show it, other experiments have pretty consistently shown that feeding both hay and silage gives better results than either hay or silage alone. But we can go quite a way in either direction and still get good results.

We sometimes hear claims that grain feeding is not natural for cows, that it will decrease digestion, particularly if fed fairly heavily.

Grain Improves digestion . . .

In other Michigan tests, research workers fed one group of cows hay and grain at an 80-20 ratio, another 50-50, and the third 20-80, figured on a dry matter basis. The digestion of everything except fiber was improved as the proportion of grain to hay increased. Then at each of these grain-hay ratios, one group was fed what would be considered a good level of feeding; another got only 70 per cent of that amount, and the third lot received 130 per cent.

Surprisingly enough, as the cows were fed more heavily, the digestion of the nutrients in the feed, especially the fiber, was increased. There's not much in this report to indicate that either high grain to roughage ratio or heavy feeding tends to lower digestibility.

While we are not recommending feeding higher proportions of grain (that will depend on the economics) there's no reason to be afraid of it if roughage is high priced or scarce and grain is plentiful and cheap.

Wetting feed . . .

Michigan scientists have been trying ways to speed up the rate of eating the grain mix. It's not



"Well, what's he bringing us this time? Silage or hay?" Tests show cattle do better when given both.

a case of encouraging bad table manners in the cows, but it's one of the problems of progress.

When our cows go through the milking parlor, they are usually fed their grain while being milked. With milking speeded up, there is not time for a leisurely meal.

By mixing 1 1/2 pounds of water with each pound of grain mix, the cows ate about 50 per cent more feed in the same time. Since it did not have any effect on the rate of milking, this can help to get more grain into the cow without holding up the milking operation.

It's interesting, isn't it, how each new development or improvement brings its problems.

YESTERDAY, FORESTS — TODAY, ROCK

On the subject of the white man's long-range impact on what was once virgin country the Sault Ste. Marie Daily Star comments:

"Indians living near Sault Ste. Marie take a dim view of the current uranium boom. Asked how it was affecting his tribe, Chief Steve Buzwah said:

"Two or three hundred years ago white man come to North Shore of Indians with strings of beads. Then a few years later he cut down all big trees; build lumber mills. Soon all big trees gone — he go away.

"Few years later he come back; build paper mill at Espanola, cut down all small trees. Nothing left on North Shore but rock. Now, by gosh, he come back for rock."

The paper adds: "Sometimes one wonders."

HOW TO DRESS POETICALLY

"Modern poets tend not to dress up to the part. In Victorian days, when you met Tennyson, you had no possible doubt that you were in the presence of the Poet Laureate. There he stood before you — in flowing cloak, wide sombrero, beard and all. But Mr. T. S. Eliot, for example, looks like an eminent banker about to refuse you an overdraft. And Mr. Stephen Spender has the air of a keen schoolmaster. Fair play to Dame Edith Sitwell; she at least dresses as if she was a being set apart. Anyone who can wear her extraordinary pre-raphaelite-type gowns, her enormous clanking bangles and her strange, 12th-century "hair do", must be a poet!"

Wynford Vaughan Thomas

ALFALFA FOR MARKET HOGS

Tests at Lacombe show that market hogs can make good use of green, leafy alfalfa, as do the brood sows. The experimental farm has shown that hogs receiving limited quantities of this extra bulk in their finishing ration have less back fat, a generally leaner carcass and a higher market grade. The tests were conducted with three groups of hogs of 16 each. One group got 10% alfalfa meal with its standard ration; another group received 15% alfalfa, and a third group got none.

IMPORT RESTRICTIONS ON FOWL REMOVED

Import restrictions on fowl, in effect since July, 1957, were removed by the government at Ottawa in June. The announcement of the minister of agriculture said: Import restrictions were imposed and price support for fowl was provided last year to protect the poultry industry against falling prices resulting from the effect of heavy imports and heavy Canadian slaughterings. Lower Canadian marketings and a closer price relationship between Canadian and U.S. markets now has removed the necessity for continuation of these measures."

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AGRICULTURE RETURNS TO THE FAIR

A new idea for promoting agriculture and improving farming operations turned up at the Brome Fair. The local Farm Forums under the leadership of Rudy Dallenbach, a Knowlton farm manager, organized an information booth.

As Rudy describes it, "The booth was to promote improved farming practices and encourage people, particularly young people, to continue farming." It contained information from the local agronomist, Keith Bradley, information on the breeds of swine and cattle obtained by writing to the local breed societies and data on artificial insemination services available. Farm organizations and Cooperatives, 4-H clubs and Macdonald College supplied material.

The booth was very popular, particularly with the 4-H members. Non-farmers stopped to ask questions and pick up pamphlets on flowers and gardening, too. A Vermont farmer stopped by to look over the material, commend the attendants on the booth, and pick up bulletins which he hadn't seen before. What about the local farmers? Well, when a few judging manuals were distributed to spectator-farmers who were watching the judges at work, others came and asked for manuals for themselves. The Farm Forums have plans underway for information booths at other fairs next year. The thinking seems to be, "After all, who is going to promote agriculture if we don't?"

QUEBEC AGRICULTURAL CO-OPS HAVE GOOD YEAR

Statistics released by the Quebec Department of Agriculture for the year April 1, 1957 to March 31, 1958, there were 514 agricultural co-operatives in the province at that date. The 514 included 509 local co-operatives, 4 provincial co-operatives and La Co-opérative Fédérée de Québec.

Excluding the business of the central wholesale, the Co-opérative Fédérée, the remaining 513 co-operatives accounted for 69,102 members. They transacted \$150,703,188 of business with savings of \$2,637,682.

The 514 agricultural co-operatives in the province total 16 fewer than a year earlier. The decline in numbers of co-operatives is the continuation of a trend which has been evident for the past 10 years. It can be attributed to improvement in transportation and the more economical operation of larger units. These influences encourage smaller groups to amalgamate. The number of co-operative members increased by 1,164 over a year earlier.

The typical co-operative has 135 members with a volume of business of \$293,768. It had savings of about \$5,141 on the year's operations.

PAY UP — OR SUFFER!

Legal experts in Britain have been pondering the relative effectiveness of their own oft-verbose dunning communications and that of the following letter written by a lawyer in India, in achieving the desired results:

"Dear Sir: Unless you pay the . . . rupees that you owe me . . . within seven days of this date, we shall take such steps as will cause you the utmost damned astonishment."

This terse missive was published recently in the English Law Society's Gazette.

AUTOMOBILE SUIT

A novel claim for injuries has arisen out of a truck-auto collision reported in the San Jose, California, *Evening News*. The plaintiff in a damage suit filed in Superior Court was driving an International Truck when it was hit by a Volkswagen. He claims, among other damages, that the sight of the little Volkswagen hitting his big truck aggravated his ulcers.

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The Country Lane

THE FIRST ARMISTICE

We said to each other, standing at the sidelines,
 Muffled by the crowds where the flags went past us
 Asymmetrically riotous, colors gaily clashing
 While people cheered and excited small children
 Dodged policemen, spectacularly dashing
 Through soldiers breaking file:
 Let there be no more of this, no marching, no colors,
 No grandeur, nobility, nor more applauding.
 Let the men be dirty, no music playing;
 Let the women cry with no one to hear them;
 Let them think about the crying. Let there be
 No noise at all. Only dying.
 Only then will war stop.

But the child said: It was like this,
 The music very loud and the people running after,
 Everybody happy and cheering in the sun,
 The band in many colors and so loud, so loud
 That the music bursts inside you with the drum
 In your stomach and the tuba in your feet
 The horns in your ears, the beating in your head
 And the flag, the flag at the head of it all,
 And the wonder of it all, the terrible wonder
 Of the flying thing and the people cheering
 Till you wanted to cry: and you burst out crying
 With your mouth wide open and your face all over
 With tears and dirt on your hands
 Till your mother had to take you away.

The years will go by, weeping in brass buttons
 Held shining to a large, unearthly light. Children
 Grow slowly, their faces backward-looking,
 Debating the good of it, remembering might
 When men were noble and men died grandly,
 Died proudly with eyes turned sightless to light
 While bands played, women wept. This was their
 reward.

Child, small child, let there be misery,
 Dirt and bleeding reflected in your eyes.
 You in the march past, running so proudly,
 Are reading lies.

Violet Lang.

TAKE COMFORT

I have seen thwarted mornings
 Bring golden afternoons,
 And them from wooden cradles
 End up with silver spoons.
 Take comfort from old proverbs,
 Whose well-worn phrases say
 That Time will have revenge
 And every dog his day.

E. S. Goodwill



HOW LOVELY?

How lovely to live in the country
 On these bright, sunny days, they say.
 What fun to help with the harvest
 And to ride home on the hay.
 No thought of the rain and drifting snow
 Of the mud and slush and icy toe,
 Of cold east winds on hill-top high
 Or storm clouds racing in a blackened sky.
 How lovely to make your own jelly,
 And from home-grown fruit, they say.
 How much better beans and peas taste
 If gathered fresh that day;
 No thought of the slugs and pecking birds
 Or of the weeds, in their idle words,
 Of the digging and hoeing and picking, too,
 The bottling I've really no time to do.
 But what do you do in the winter,
 On the long dark evenings? they say,
 Without movies, dance hall or TV,
 And the village two miles away!
 No thought of the games and family fun,
 The mending that waited till summer was done,
 Of talk of next year's plans so vast,
 And the book I have time to read at last.

B. Patching

LETTER TO SAINT PETER

by Earl Mercer

America's sons who rest in heroes' graves overseas
 have given fresh meaning, new solemnity to Memorial
 Day. They are far from home; but they are not for-
 gotten nor is their valor unsung. Inscribed on a chapel
 wall of an American military cemetery in England is
 this simple sonnet from the pen of an English girl, Elma
 Dean:

Let them in, Peter, they are very tired.
 Give them the couches where the angels sleep.
 Let them wake whole again to new dawns fired
 With sun, not war. And may their peace be deep;
 Remember where the broken bodies lie.
 And give them things they like, let them make noise,
 God knows how young they were to have to die!
 Give swing bands, not gold harps, to these our boys.
 Let them love, Peter, they have had no time.
 Girls sweet as meadow wind with flowering hair.
 They should have trees and bird songs, hills to climb,
 The taste of summer in a ripened pear. Tell them
 How they are missed. Say not to fear;
 It's going to be all right with us down here.



BUGLE

FOR SILENCE

by JOHAN CARLSEN

An Armistice pause for a smile and a tear before

"we who are left" grow too old to remember.

B EYOND the file of thin black trees which borders the school grounds, I hear the harsh mourning of pipes as the village Highlanders try their lungs. An hour from now they will be going down to the Legion Hall to lead off to the Cenotaph. And in my kitchen here, I am getting ready for the parade too. I wait in the comfortable halo of heat thrown out by the crackling stove while the girl I once left behind me sharpens a crease in my old battle jacket. I hoist an army boot to the oven door to revive some of its oldtime lustre and I note with a grunt the thickening which gathers at the middle as we who are left grow old.

Was it really that long ago?

The years between have slipped away quickly. They have been too fat, too soft to leave much mark. And once again I am ashamed that this softness has been held out to me. I didn't deserve it. I have only been lucky. The ones who deserved most, were the ones who got the worst.

But the thinking about that can drive a man to drink and I shake myself out of it. So I begin to think of the funny things that happened, of the ridiculous situations, of the pranks we got away with and of

those we didn't, of the characters who were with us then. I try to recall the things they'll be talking about down at the Legion Hall as they wait for the parade this morning. The things a man can laugh about.

And because they must find a way to laugh, they're almost sure to start another tale about Levesque. "Now there," someone will say, looking into the fireplace the Lion's Club bought us, "there was a character. Did you ever hear about that time he met the Colonel's wife in the bus in London? That time he had the jug of cider?"

And the laughter which has to be, will have started.

There were eight of us who signed up that day the lovely looking officer beckoned at us from his flag draped recruiting booth at the fair, and we were blithely promised that since we had joined in a bunch, we'd be kept together. It was a better promise than most that the Army makes, and five of us actually went over together. We went with the Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry Infantry — an exasperating label soon shortened to "The S. D. and Geez."

Levesque was one of the five, and right from the day we bewildered into that masterpiece of organized confusion called the reception camp, he was the smartest of the group. We wondered how come. Back home he had been just another one of the Levesque boys. There were nine more, I think. He was a grocer's delivery boy, and none too sharp a one at that.

But in the Army, Levesque developed an almost uncanny knack to escape the tribulations which made life miserable for the rest of us. He never drew shoes which pinched or underwear that went over the toes, he always had extra shirts and blankets. He never seemed to have anything stolen, you could never catch him on his late nights with a balloon full of water tucked under his sheet, and when he used to emit his ridiculous bullfrog burp during inspection, the officers never seemed able to catch him. In fact, whenever the platoon had need of an extra corporal for a day or two, Levesque was nearly always it.

And women? He was the camp Valentino. The rest of us would see the odd woman of course, but that's about all. We'd stand around

a corner on our leave nights and watch them go by and pick out the best one to whistle at. To which Levesque would hold up his hand and say, "Have respect, lads. You're whistling at the woman I'm about to love."

And by Judas he would too!

But what we hated him for was his goldbricking. Eddie Schultz, who used to be his bunkmate, told me once that in all the time they had been training, he could never remember Levesque enduring a route march. I know for certain that he missed that 24 miler we made from Chatham to Cedar Point and back one August day when the mercury was 101. In the shade that was, and the only shade we had was what came off the top of a 40 lb. pack.

Levesque was hosing the major's lawn that day.

He wasn't there the day we took the mud jump either. That was at Camp Ipperwash. You were marched up something like a cattle chute and there below you was a pool of mud soup ringed about with big springy piles of barbed wire. You took your choice. Over your eyes in the mud or into the barbed wire. If you jumped in the mud you had 5 minutes to get your rifle clean for inspection.

It didn't sit too well with any of us when we marched into the showers, uniform and all that night and Levesque came up to the door in his spotless white apron to laugh at us. He was peeling potatoes that day.

How did he do it? "I'm clairvoyant," he used to tell us. "I'm the seventh son of the seventh son and when I was seven days old an old woman put a little toad in my little hand."

Schultz got so that he would hardly speak to him. "I'd give my next leave to find out how that guy gets all the dope," he said. "Wordingest goldbrick I ever saw. But I'll get him someday if it's the last thing I do."

He got him too, but it wasn't until we were across the pond and waiting it out for D Day. The papers used to tell you then that the wait for the big day was so boring that the men could hardly stand it. They were a bit slap-happy with patriotism, those papers, but the officers must have really believed we were rotting in our socks. They certainly tried some drastic measures to chase the time.

It was when our company was split away from the regiment that

we all became cross country runners. I'll not mention the camp by name and I shall refer to the colonel only as Spike. Colonel Spike, the circus man. Which will be ample for him to recognize himself and not enough for him to sue.

Colonel Spike called the whole camp out one hot May morning and told us that he was about to send us on a six mile cross country run. We would find the course well marked, and there would be an N.C.O. posted at every turn. We would start at once from where we stood, run out through the gate, make the circle of the six miles, and as we came back to the parade square a lieutenant would take the names of the first forty men to finish.

The prize? These forty men would be relieved of all duties on two afternoons of each week and make the same run again. The Colonel ventured the enthusiastic opinion that with proper training, our camp ought to be able to produce some first rate runners. Harriers, is the word he used.

Just as we were beginning to groan, there was a titter behind us, and there, peeking around the corner of the canteen, was Levesque. He had got the dope again.

"That wording SOB goldbrick!" Schultz muttered. "How did he do it?"

The gun went off. "I'm sure not going to be in that first forty," I told Schultz. But he had the idea first.

So we did our running only when there was an N.C.O. in sight. The rest of the time we walked. But so did everyone else. Less than that, sometimes. We saw at least one foursome hid out under a culvert playing euchre. Schultz and I sat down by a hedgerow to think it over. But we couldn't think about it indefinitely because sooner or later it would be mess time. So we waited for a few more of the conscientious type to go by and then we took up the struggle again. When we saw the camp gate looming up ahead after an hour or two we began to run in earnest. I went through first and Schultz put on a gallant show of trying to overtake me.

"Give your name and number to the officer up ahead," the N.C.O. at the gate barked. "You're thirty-third!"

It was a black, black moment but there was nothing to be done about it. Wearily I saluted, and gave my name and number to the

officer sitting in the middle of the parade square, and as I turned away, Schultz hove to.

"Name?" the officer asked.

"Levesque, R. M.! No. A 51549, sir!"

I'm glad that looey couldn't see the look which must have come to my face. Schultz took me by the seat of my pants and propelled me toward the barracks. "You squeal and I'll kill you!" he said.

Let me tell you that it took an awful lot of will power to keep my face cemented sober that next Tuesday when the forty victorious harriers were called out of line for their first session of more intensive training and Levesque tried to protest. He went out on no fewer than seven of those training runs before the Colonel got sidetracked onto another circus idea.

Yes, we'll be laughing about that again when we get together down at the Hall, and it's a shame that Schultz and Levesque won't be there to spice it up with us. But the Legion Hall is two floors up and when the place is crowded it's pretty awkward getting a wheel chair up the stairs. So on Armistice Day Schultz generally calls around at Levesque's and wheels him over to the Cenotaph ahead of us. It's Schultz who does nearly everything like that for him now because he lives next door and Levesque's mother is getting pretty shaky.

No, it wasn't Schultz who was the cause for him getting that nick in the spine. The guy he crawled out front to bring in for the medics that night was some poor beggar none of us had ever seen before. He didn't have to go. Nobody asked anybody to go.

But that part of it is something we don't talk about at the Legion. And we won't notice Eddie Schultz as he stands behind Levesque's chair when the bugle blows for silence this morning. Schultz has an embarrassing habit of crying a bit sometimes. We'll keep our thoughts to ourselves and wait it out until the break-off when there will be smoke and music and noise and some way to find laughter again.

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OFFICE HAPPENINGS

Our Mrs. Taylor is now in Ottawa hard at work setting up our new National Office. She took with her the congratulations and good wishes of all the members of the QWI for success and happiness in her new position. She was given several send-off's from both Ste. Anne's and the College with gifts to remind her of the many friends she made while there.

There was a mistake in the address on the cards sent out giving her new address. It is:

34 Central Chambers,
446 Elgin St., Ottawa.

We had a preview at the office of the new film *The Jungle and the Plow*, made available to us by UNESCO. "Because," to quote Mr. Miller of the National Film Board, "it would appear to be of particular interest to Women's Institutes due to your large contribution to UNESCO gift programs in Ceylon and because of your world conference held there in 1956." The film is in color and to us was a fascinating picture of life in Ceylon. To those of you who saw Mrs. Harvey's slides, this will bring added interest.

This film is available to any branch and may be ordered from the QWI office at Macdonald College. It runs 29 minutes and the only charge for the use of it is the express.

We think more films should be used if at all possible. There are a great many to choose from — to interest any group — and a catalog of both filmstrips which require only a film projector for showing and the regular films, will be sent on request.

A fillip to a meeting both educational and entertaining.

We have again in the office the fine book on Dorset Feather Stitchery which we would send out on loan to any branch wishing it.

We also have two new pamphlets on budgeting for the loan library entitled respectively, *Your Automobile Dollar* and *Your Health and Recreation Dollar*.

SCHOOL FAIRS THRIVING

The 42nd Annual School Fair for Stanstead County was a great success. There were about 380 children taking part, representing all the schools in the county except Magog and Georgeville. While exhibits were being judged the younger pupils, 12 and under, were taken in two groups to visit a well-run farm in the neighborhood where they were shown the stock, buildings and machinery with comments and explanations by Mr. Arnold Hughes of Macdonald College. The group which was not taking the trip at that time saw movies. For the older pupils there was a visit to two purebred herds, Jersey and Ayrshire, judging of lambs on the fairgrounds for the boys, a talk on careers in Household Science and a trip to a greenhouse for the girls.

After lunch the seniors saw the movie *A New Word For Agriculture*, while the juniors were taken in to see the exhibits. This was followed by judges remarks and presentation of the trophies for the girl and the boy scoring the highest number of points.

GOVERNMENT LOANS FOR STUDENTS

by Jean Howarth

IT is a pity that the suggestion that the provincial government provide funds to university students who have been unable to find jobs this summer should have come from Cedric Cox, a CCF member of the legislature, because that probably means that the government will have nothing to do with it.

And it is a suggestion of great merit and vital importance.

We have been hearing so much lately about how essential it is for our survival that we train our brains, that surely it is not necessary to repeat it. We know it to be true. We know that already we are failing to train many sets of good brains.

And this past summer of little employment will mean that many brains which were actually in the process of being trained will fall by the wayside. Many, many stu-

dents have been unable to find work they needed, to complete their next year of university. They will have to drop out. And the tendency of students who drop out is never to return to university.

This will cost us the brains we need. But it will be an actual cash loss to the public purse as well. Public money goes into the education of every university student — his own fees nowhere nearly cover the cost. Public money already spent on a student who is never to complete his course will be public money wasted.

And there is no point in claiming that the university is already well supplied with bursaries and loan funds to assist such students.

Never at any time have the bursaries and loan funds available been equal to the demands made upon them, even in our most prosperous years. In a year like this they will be woefully inadequate.

Perhaps at this time, when a Royal Commission is enquiring into the state of education in British Columbia, it is not a time for the government to make outright gifts to students who need them. A time should come when all students who are capable of absorbing a university education will be provided with such an education by the government — it is quite as much in the public's interests as the student's that this should be so; but such a drastic change in our approach to advanced education will take careful study and preparation.

But there is nothing to prevent the government from setting up a loan fund to assist the jobless students of this summer. The student could borrow the money he needs to complete his course, and pay it back when he is working.

Such funds already exist at the university. The machinery needed to operate such a government fund is already available; it could be operated by the university, as the other funds are operated.

In the long run it would cost the government nothing; and it would return the kind of dividends that our western world has got to have.

What Makes a Woman Attractive?

• • •

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing
in woman."

The attribute that King Lear singled out among Cordelia's virtues still rates high among woman's attractions, according to several of the speakers in a recent "Woman's Hour" programme, in which men were given a chance to say what they thought made a woman attractive, following a previous broadcast by women about masculine charms.

"They are, after all, shrill voices," said writer Kevin Fitzgerald, "and they should therefore be kept down to the lowest level . . . Most men are not only horrified, but terrified, as soon as a woman raises her voice, and if you were a man you would know that it is indeed a most frightening experience. You would also know that one of the most wonderful experiences in the world is a quiet woman telling you quietly that she thinks you are wonderful . . . Do not write to me and say that this is outrageous," he added hastily. "Of course it is."

"I'd put the voice high on the list", said J. B. Boothroyd of "Punch" magazine, "and the lower the voice the higher on the list. If a voice is right, it hardly matters at all what you say with it." Next he put grace. "Nature didn't really design us to spend our lives balanced on end, but it's the civilized convention, and I'm sure the thing is to make the best of it, and not droop about as if we're waiting for the first chance to drop back on all fours." A sense of humour — enough anyhow to laugh at his witticisms was desirable, and in his opinion women scored by dressing and behaving in character rather than slavishly following the fashion. "Every woman's got something, and I like to see them cashing in on what they've got — tiny feet, or amusing conversation or a gold medal for life saving."

Fred Hearne, a lorry driver, also liked a woman who talked nicely and naturally. But he thought attraction started at the



Sex appeal does not necessarily have anything to do with beauty, says the Duke of Bedford. Americans will doubtless add a suitable comment.

feet, not the head. Poor feet, a slovenly walk and bad carriage destroyed a woman's appeal. "I think the most unattractive thing in the world is a woman walking along with a pair of shoes that's slipping up and down. My type of woman is one who can walk properly, doesn't have to hurry her steps . . . so that you can say to yourself, 'I can take that lady anywhere in the world, in any company.'"

The Duke of Bedford thought that sex appeal had not necessarily got anything to do with great beauty. "Sometimes basically ugly women have great sex appeal and great charm," he said, "but of course looks go an awful long way. One of the first things I always look at is a woman's figure and then her legs. I think good legs are often an indication as to the re-

finement of a woman's nature — though possibly there are a lot of thoroughly bad girls around with absolutely lovely legs." He looked for quite a lot besides good legs, however; a sense of humour, brains — though a man did not want to be conscious of these to the point of being made to feel a fool himself — a good dress sense, and an indefinable 'something in the air' — an aura of sympathy.

Actor Dennis Price said firmly: "A woman should have a good sense of humour and look at her best in the morning." While an eighteen-year-old clerk showed a youthful preference for "a long haired blonde with beautiful eyes, a sparkling personality, the type that is fun to be with, makes friends easily, and has good dress sense."



"A woman should look her best in the morning."

Turning Your Heart Over

I WALKED about twenty yards behind a woman down the road the other day. She was a stranger to me but I knew she was unhappy. Not because of the way she walked, or the set of her head. She was going a fair pace and looking ahead. It was something about the outline of her shoulders or the way perhaps she held her shopping bags. Whatever it was her whole back view to me suggested sadness.

My curiosity as to whether I was right made me hurry and catch her up. Her face was the face of the women at the Cross. Terrible in its tragedy.

I stood around a while, not want-

ing to leave her. But what could I do? She was not the sort of person whose privacy you could impose on. She had locked her troubles inside. It would have been easier if she had stumbled a little or tears had fallen. Then I might have approached her with the conventional "Is there anything I can do?"

It took me a long time to forget her. But strangely enough it was not her tragic face that I kept remembering but her back view as I walked down the road behind her.

Back views tell a multitude of things. You know by looking at the back of a boy doing his homework whether he is concentrating, idling or worrying over his work.

And is there anything so obviously contented looking at the back of a baby's neck when he's sitting on the floor playing with his toys? That little inch of neck where the downy hair joins the nape; the sight of it has never failed to turn my heart over.

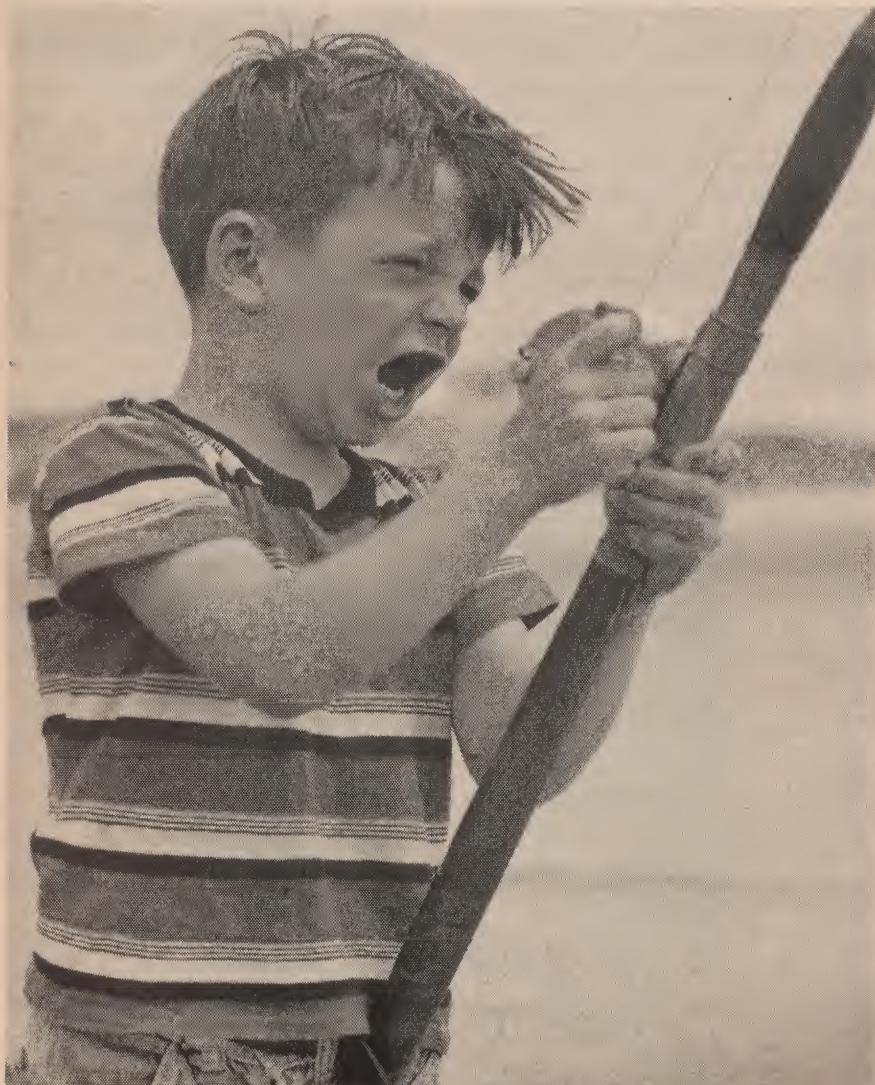
Strange, isn't it, the different things that turn one's heart over or make one catch one's breath? Not only the plain sad or the plain beautiful but just that something which nearly every woman understands, but very few men. For though he may be impressed by beautiful objects he remains untouched by the backwaters and odd little side creeks of sights and events that crowd a woman's life. Perhaps it's something to do with his not being concerned with the detail of day to day living—perhaps it's just our woman's capacity for compassion which is responsible for the special sort of heart jerks we experience.

These emotional acrobatics are a disadvantage at times. They tend to blur one's view of the real issue and so they are often the means to an unprofitable end. For when one's heart turns over one's mind and commonsense tend to cut out—and what happens? You're just a woman surrounded by too many dogs, cats and lambs you couldn't bring yourself to part with and one's entire spare time is spent pottering and looking and fiddling around after them.

But who would swap that luxury for anything?

"Have you any ambition?" somebody asked me the other evening when we were sitting idly gossiping round the supper table. "Just as much of it as I need," I replied, "to keep me in pottering time, which is less than most people I know want."

Perhaps that's one of the reasons why I thank Heaven every day of my life that I was born a woman. Just because I occasionally cut a tree down, have a go at trying to pot a crow with my husband's gun and change the electric fuses doesn't mean I would prefer to be male rather than female. Not on your life! For one thing I can try my hand at all these so-called men's jobs and being a female I can afford to make a fool of myself over them. And for an-



other thing if I was the bread-winner my conscience just wouldn't allow me to fool around doing unnecessary jobs I like. When you go and call the boy into lunch for instance and find him out there fishing you can afford, if you're his Mother, to stand there a few seconds and watch him. Give yourself the luxury of such silly thoughts as . . . "Heavens, just look at those long legs . . . he'll be out of those jeans in a month or two . . . that silly great thatch of hair . . . where did he get it from? . . . what a boy . . . however did he happen to belong to me? . . ." And your heart turns over.

There you are, you see. A normal boy sitting fishing in an ordinary sort of way, with his ordinary Mom just standing there spending time that no ambitious woman or hard-working man could afford . . .

Knowledge and "Know-How"

"Great philosophers are not men who knew much but men who thought well; and we go to them not to discover what they knew but to learn to think as they thought. The student of Plato or Spinoza or Kant learns to think by being continually exposed to the arguments, questions and techniques of a powerful mind. He has continually to pit his wits against those of a more formidable opponent, and there is no better training than that."

P. H. Nowell-Smith.

How It Started

The origin of the well-known phrases "Gone West," meaning dead or finished, and "In the cart," meaning in a hopeless situation, were explained in England's Central Criminal Court recently. "Gone West," said Police Constable Niblo, who is attached to the Old Bailey, and sometimes acts as a guide, "simply meant that a felon had started on his journey to be hanged at Tyburn Tree, which was quite near the present Marble Arch, some miles west of the Old Bailey. At the outset he stopped at St. Sepulchre's Church just by the Old Bailey, whose bells were the "Bells of Old Bailey" referred to in the nursery rhyme 'Oranges and Lemons'. There the priest exhorted him to repent his sins and he was presented with a posy of flowers before he continued on his last journey "in the cart," the death cart with his coffin beside him.

A SQUARE JOKE

A famous traveler and big game hunter had just arrived in San Francisco from Singapore and was besieged by the gentlemen of the press. While recounting his many experiences, he produced a small hooded cage.

"I have in here," he proclaimed, "the most remarkable parrot in the world. I intend to exhibit her all over the world."

He removed the cover to reveal

a very handsome bird.

"She says a few words," said the hunter, "and she does something else much more astonishing. She lays square eggs."

"Square eggs!" exclaimed one of the reporters. "That's really something!"

"And what does she say?" asked another newsman.

"What do you suppose?" replied the hunter. "She says 'Ouch!'"



Mrs. C. Hall, President of Dalesville branch, presents cheque for \$25.00 of first earnings to Mrs. Wilson, Treasurer of Fund for the Home for Elderly People. The Dalesville Institute was formed last month. Left to Right: Mrs. C. W. P. Baugh, Mrs. C. Hall, President, Mrs. M. R. Wilson, Treasurer and Mrs. G. McGibbon, President of Argenteuil County W. I.



Left to Right: Principal Gaw, of the Danville High School; Kathleen Monahan, who won Second Prize for most entries at the School Fair; Evelyn Baker, with the Shipton W. I. Trophy for winning most awards, and First Prize for having most entries at the School Fair, and Mrs. W. Broscomb, President of the Shipton Women's Institute.

The Month With The W.I.

Many of the W.I.'s have been busy with Handicraft courses lately. During the current month, teachers were entertained and one branch mentions that the schoolboard members and wives attended a meeting. School fairs have been abundant during the past two months.

ARGENTEUIL: BROWNSBURG enjoyed a sewing course given by the technician Miss A. Christie; held a Handicraft Fair and Tea; saw films on Florida and the St. Lawrence Seaway. FRONTIER heard articles on "The Backward Child" and "When Your Child is in Pain"; gave refreshments and donation to the School Fair; made a presentation to a departing member. JERUSALEM-BETHANY heard a paper on "Artificial Arteries can Save Lives"; sent a contribution to the Salvation Army; gave a large amount of cotton to the Cancer Society. LACHUTE had an illustrated talk on antiques. LAKEFIELD discussed holding a military whist party; are selling a quilt with proceeds to aid the Home For the Aged. PIONEER saw slides of Western Europe and Great Britain; made a donation to the School Fair. UPPER LACHUTE-EAST END heard a talk by guest speaker, Dr. Dorion, on tuberculosis, brucellosis and rabies.

BROME: ABERCORN heard a paper on education; held an old-fashioned dance; made final plans to paint W.I. Hall. AUSTIN held a School Fair; donated cotton for Cancer Society; donation received from a friend; flowers given to a '50 year bride'. KNOWLTON'S LANDING have ordered UNICEF Christmas cards. SOUTH BOLTON received donation of books for library; remembered ill members. SUTTON heard a paper on education; sent 24 pairs of socks to Red Cross.

COMPTON: BROOKBURY held paper drive netting \$24.08; ordered an electric coffee maker; sent cooking to School Fair for refreshments. BURY heard a talk on education by Mr. Smith, principal of the High School; donated \$10.00 towards prizes at School Fair; entertained teachers of the High School. CANTERBURY had a discussion on county project; brought in cotton for Cancer Society. COOKSHIRE heard talk on U.N. by guest speaker; donated \$25.00 for school prizes; donated \$5.00 to W.M.S. in memoriam; planned to buy wreath for Armistice Day. SAWYERVILLE heard a paper on "Story of UNICEF"; proceeds of sale of surprise parcels sent to UNICEF. SCOTSTOWN made renewals for 10 subscribers to Federated News; articles were put in hobby exhibit at Cookshire Fair and two members helped at booth and Rest Room; enjoyed a sewing course given by the demonstrator, Miss A. Christie.

GASPE: SANDY BEACH netted \$14.75 at a food sale and enjoyed a visit from the County President. WAKEHAM saw films of the Gaspe Coast; planned to knit sweaters for Unitarian Relief and advertised with posters for annual fairs. YORK had an old-fashioned dance and netted \$63.00; had an old-fashioned spelling bee. All four branches in the County joined together and held a workshop. York also held an outdoor meeting; sent cards to sick and shut-ins and had many other activities too numerous to mention.

MEGANTIC: INVERNESS awarded a \$25.00 scholarship to a pupil in Grade X; made plans for several other activities.

JACQUES CARTIER: STE. ANNE'S planned a Christmas sale and tea for Dec. 13; The wooden clog displayed collected pennies for clogs for Korean children and all members were asked to contribute to the Hallowe'en Shell-Out.

MISSISQUOI: COWANSVILLE had a demonstration on pancake making. DUNHAM entertained FORDYCE W.I.; had cake decorating contest; held county meeting and Hobby Show. FORDYCE held a contest; appointed committee for "Quilt Patterns"; sent a subscription of Macdonald Journal to members in Tasmania. STANBRIDGE EAST heard a talk by Mr. Allen, Principal of the local school, on "The British Commonwealth."

PONTIAC: BEECH GROVE had an interesting talk on "Throat" by the Health Convenor. CLARENDON heard two talks, one on the Panama Canal and the other on "The Kindergarten"; made plans to cater at an auction sale. ELMSIDE and QUYON heard report by a delegate who had attended the Leadership Course. ELMSIDE plans to give a prize for general proficiency in all grades of No. 9 school. QUYON plans to have a demonstration by a Singer Sewing Machine agent. WYMAN heard talks on "Retire and Die Young" and "What You Can Do After an Accident"; had a demonstration on making sandwiches. It was interesting to note that Miss Pritchard had to pay 45c, when asked to pay 1c for each year of W.I. membership.

QUEBEC: VALCARTIER heard a talk on Education and a report on the School Fair.

RICHMOND: CLEVELAND collected cotton for the Cancer Society; held two contests — a jumbled word contest on diseases and a garden vegetable contest. DENISON'S MILLS collected jams and jellies for the Wales Home. GORE held a Bring and Buy sale; donated \$5.00 to Wales Home Auxiliary; realized \$6.50 from a Rummage Sale; sent a sunshine basket to a sick child. MELBOURNE RIDGE held a spelling contest; realized the sum of \$99.41 by serving lunches at County Fair; sponsored School Fair; gave scrapbooks to Cecil Butters Memorial Hospital. RICHMOND YWI had a successful Tea and Social table; sent a gift to a member who had moved away. SHIPTON sponsored a School Fair and presented silver cup to child winning the most prizes; heard a talk on "Teaching As a Career"; had a sale of doilies.

SHEFFORD: GRANBY HILL received material to make articles for sale; donated \$10 to UNICEF. GRANBY WEST had a Rummage Sale. WATERLOO-WARDEN presented a cup and saucer to a member leaving the branch; served refreshments at School Fair.

SHERBROOKE: ASCOT heard an article on Ellen Fairclough; entertained guests from North Hatley, Minto and Hatley Centre W.I.'s; presented a Life Membership pin to Mrs. A. Parsons who has held many offices and has 4½ years of perfect attendance. BELVEDERE helped at Sherbrooke Fair booth and at School Fair; held a flower contest. BROMPTON ROAD heard readings on "Discipline in Life" and "Welfare Methods in Burma"; a memory book for this branch to be purchased; Macdonald Journal to be sent to a friend in England and one in Australia. LENNOXVILLE helped at Fairs; heard reports and

continues Craft work. MILBY held a contest on Assters; gave vegetables to Salvation Army; heard reports on work at Fair booth.

STANSTEAD: AYER'S CLIFF had one member who attended the short course at Way's Mills; made plans to combine with H. & S. for Hallowe'en party. BEEBE had a display of handicrafts at Rotary Fair; had sewing and cooking classes; had Dr. Bonin as guest speaker at their meeting; entertained the School Board and teachers of the Beebe school as well as their husbands and wives. MINTON enjoyed a tour of a local TV and Radio Station and a tour of a local publishing plant. NORTH HATLEY heard reports of current conventions and an account of a visit to a neighboring W. I. STANSTEAD NORTH donated \$25.00 to school lunches. TOMIFOBIA sent cotton to the Cancer Society; a member of this branch, who is also a member of the School Fair Committee did a great deal in helping to make the Fair such a success. WAY'S MILLS held Handicraft classes; served dinner to County Plowman's Association.

VAUDREUIL: CAVAGNAL entertained teachers at a tea and held their School Fair at the Hudson High School with proceeds from the fair sent to Friendly Home for Children in Montreal. HARWOOD made plans for a bridge party; donated jams, jellies and pickles for a rest home in Dorion. An interesting highlight of the evening — slides on Thailand shown by Miss Wilson who had made a trip there.

A bit of interesting news from Compton County.

The Compton County Women's Institute announced today the award of the following bursaries to Grade XI graduates from the county who plan to attend higher educational institutions;

The Hon. C. D. French Memorial Bursary of \$100.00 to Miss Donald Parsons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Parsons of Bury, a student in Arts at Bishop's University.

The W.I. Bursary of \$100.00 to David Lobdell, son of Mrs. William Lobdell and the late Mr. Lobdell of Sawyerville, a student at the School for Teachers in a course leading to a B. Ed. degree.

Lets Make A Beautiful Lawn

Farmers have had a hard season to harvest their crops, but every thing should be taken care of now and we have a great deal to be thankful for. The rainy weather at least made beautiful lawns. The only complaint would be overwork for the one in charge of mowing.

Now is the time to look at our lawns, for starting a new lawn or maintaining what we already have.

Grading and filling are often necessary when a lawn is made after building a home. How often we see a basement being excavated for a building with the inorganic subsoil being spread over the topsoil

with disastrous results. In such cases the top soil should first have been removed and then replaced after the other soil had been spread.

A lawn may be formed either by laying turf or by sowing seed. The gain in time by sodding is so slight as to be scarcely worthy of consideration, while the results obtained by both methods are not to be compared. Sods, no matter how carefully cut and laid, often separate in dry weather leaving crevices about which the grass dies out.

The most important factors in producing a perfect and permanent lawn are soil and preparation.

Good, deep, rich loam, overlaying a gravel or other porous subsoil, insures underdrainage. Having such soil and subsoil conditions, it will only be necessary to apply well-rotted stable manure and coarse-ground bonemeal. Then turn the topsoil and manure with a spade to a depth of not less than eight inches. The grass roots will then go down deep where they are less susceptible to damage from heat and freezing.

When the soil is well prepared, levelled and raked, then seeding will be in order. The perfect lawn

Continued on page 30



Steer which escaped from a stockyard in Oregon recently took six policemen to subdue it. None of the cops were cited for bravery.

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Holiday Recipes



Holidays are just around the corner, and what better time is there to bake festive dishes and tempting goodies! Now is the time when mother's favorite fruit cake recipe is put to good use. Home-made Christmas cake makes a lovely gift; one that is always appreciated. You will find empty coffee or baking powder tins are ideal for baking small cakes. Here's

a hint for glazing the top of fruit cakes: while still warm, brush the surface with light, warmed corn syrup. When cool, wrap in moisture-proof paper to store.

If you always seem to run out of ideas for eating up the turkey, here's a recipe you will want to add to your list. It's grand for a buffet supper too.

Yummy Turkey Casserole

2-cups turkey, cut in bite-size chunks
 2 cups noodles
 1/2 cup mushrooms
 1/4 cup minced onion
 1/4 cup minced green pepper
 2 tbsp. butter
 1/3 cup sliced olives (with pimentos)
 1 can cream of mushroom soup,
 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese
 1 cup peas
 dash of pepper
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. celery salt
 1/4 cup blanched almonds

Add noodles to 2 cups of boiling water. Cook 5 minutes uncovered. Meanwhile saute onions, peppers mushrooms in butter. Add to chicken and olives. To *undrained* noodles add soup, cheese, peas, salts and pepper. In a greased casserole dish, arrange noodles and chicken in layers, ending with noodles. Top with almonds. Bake at 325 deg. F. 1 hour and 40 minutes. Serves 6.

Christmas with turkey means cranberries too. There are dozens of ways to use cranberries — this one, a slightly different twist, took our fancy.

Jellied Cranberry Salad

1 envelope unflavoured gelatin
 1 can jellied cranberry sauce
 1/2 cup blanched almonds
 1/4 cup cold water
 2 grapefruit, cut in sections

Softens gelatin in water for 2 minutes. Put cup in boiling water

until the gelatin dissolves. With a fork, crush cranberry sauce. Add dissolved gelatin and beat with fork or rotary beater until smooth. Fold in almonds and grapefruit. Pour into small molds or custard cups. Chill until set.

With friends and relatives dropping in at all times, there is a certain satisfaction knowing there is something in the bread box or cookie jar to serve. These two recipes are old favourites — appropriate for any occasion.

Apricot Nut Bread

3/4 cup dried apricots
 1/2 cup water
 2 cups sifted all purpose flour
 3 tsp. baking powder
 3/4 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. baking soda
 1 egg
 1 cup sugar
 2 tbsp. melted butter
 1/2 cup orange juice
 1 cup chopped walnuts

Soak apricots in water 1/2 hour. Drain and cut in pieces. Sift dry ingredients together. Beat egg, add sugar and mix well. Add the melted butter and orange juice. Stir egg mixture into sifted dry ingredients. Stir in apricots and nuts. Pour batter into a greased bread pan. Bake at 350 deg. F. for 1 hour. Cool before slicing.

Cherry Dreams

1/2 cup butter
 1 cup flour
 3 tbsp. icing sugar
 Mix well and pat into a 9 in. sq. cake pan.

2 eggs
 1 1/4 cups brown sugar
 2 tbsp. sifted flour
 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1 cup chopped walnuts
 1 1/2 cups coconut
 3/4 cup halved maraschino cherries.

Beat eggs until light. Add sugar, mix well. Add dry ingredients, mix. Stir in nuts, coconut, and cherries. Spread over bottom layer in pan. Bake at 350 deg. F. for approx. 35 minutes, or until golden brown.

We couldn't think of Yuletide recipes and cooking without some mention of candy or sweets. Little hands love to help out in this department, especially when it comes to eating. This recipe is sure to be a hit with the adults too.

Candied Orange Peel

Peel of 4 medium-sized oranges
 2 cups of sugar
 1 cup of water in which orange peels have been cooked.

Remove peel in quarters. Cover with cold water, bring to boil and cook slowly until soft. Drain, saving 1 cup of the water. Scrape out inner white portion of peel with a teaspoon. Cut skin into thin strips. Bring sugar and water to a boil. Add peel, cook slowly for 10 minutes or until most of the water has evaporated. Drain in a coarse sieve. Roll each piece of peel in granulated sugar until completely covered.

P.S. If you would like to share your favorite recipes with others — send them in to:

Box 232,
 Macdonald College.

NOW and THEN

A former student comes back for a more mature look at his Alma Mater

IT was not without some slight quickening of pace and flutter of the pulse that I caught the familiar sight of a red roof, and the train stopped at a station that was no newer, brighter and cleaner than it had been forty years ago.

This was not the first time I had made the return since graduation, but this time I had resolved to make an examination of the College, just as it had once done of me so many years ago. I meant to stroll the campus and see how it had bridged the gap and perhaps pass the odd comment that will provoke some other graduate to do the same. Of course at first sight little has changed.

The buildings are still there, bright bricks gleaming on even the dullest day and the trees which were barely worthy of mention have grown. Trees however, have a way of growing, for as a great compatriot of our founder put it, "Some day ye'll be planting a tree, Jock. It'll be growing, aye, while we are sleeping." And the College too, has been growing while we slept. There is a little extra building tucked in here and a slightly larger one jutting out there and undoubtedly a larger one rising in grandeur from the ruin of lesser ones behind the Women's Residence. It is in other things than simply the surroundings, however, that growth has occurred. I had come expecting these changes, but there is far more to it. Let it be known in a whisper that things have been going on at Macdonald College.

It's not the things so much as the outlooks that have changed. To mention students, the changed status among the girls is incredible. They have jettisoned all our rules. The striped tunic has almost vanished from the campus. At gym the fine covering of our girls has been substituted by apparel of an alarming nature. Girls no longer have to be in by

8 o'clock in the evening; they are not forbidden to speak to Engineers and may even ride in motor cars without the written permission of their parents.

It is not just the students in which you may see differences. The animals have changed shape. What we used to call feeding has become nutrition and it has had such astonishing effects on the farm animals that similar methods are being attempted on the students. Of course it is not all nutrition. There are Animal Husbandry, and Poultry Departments, as well. The three have been in league with each other.

The cow has, from the expressions of those in the barn, hardly recovered from its surprise at what has beset it. That fine bird, the farmyard hen, is really no better off but they have managed to build up its self-esteem (eggs, they call it), to such an extent that it has voluntarily shifted its weight into a more profitable position. As for the poor old horse, I shudder to think it but in the march of progress he appears to have been left behind. The pig? It is quite impossible to describe what has happened to the pig for with him it is not so much a matter of change as of transformation.

Machinery has come into its own at Macdonald and in place of the small tools with which we achieved the greatest things, they have great tools even for the smallest things.

In the field of education there has been a revolution. Nothing could ever be learned without a good deal of hard work. The work is still done but not by the student.

So these few lines will outline to you some of the surprises I encountered. They may be of interest or even provide a slight stimulus for you to make your own examination. It makes one wonder what changes there are left for those of today to examine some years from now.

OYEZ, OYEZ

Harold Weir

It's never been my great good fortune to set eyes on Miss Kilgallen in the flesh. But I seem to recollect seeing her once or twice on quiz panels in the TV phantasmagorium and forming the unkind impression that she was a shrewish lady with a disposition like an unripe lemon. This hasty judgment, of course, may be entirely false. She may be as sunny as a May morn and possess a heart of gold. I suppose I expected to find her a bit sour through dealing with the kind of people she deals with professionally in her daily stint.

Even semi-divine Hercules, they say, emerged from the Augean Stables smelling like anything but a violet.

For quite a while, this summer, we subscribers to the morning

newspaper were lamentably deprived of Miss Kilgallen's sprightly reporting about the Olympian "personalities" who used to be called "mummers." But the guest columnists, thank God, are through talking about themselves and Miss Kilgallen is back and all's right with the world.

I frankly admit that Miss Kilgallen's column has become essential to my well-being because circumstances have so narrowed in on me that I have little other opportunity to gratify my yearning for gossip of the more ordurous type. If Miss Kilgallen weren't there to enlighten me upon such momentous matters as who is paying alimony to whom and whose husband is chasing around with whose wife and just what female ham is knitting little pink bootees to while away the dreary hours between pink gins, I just don't know what I'd do.

It's a matter of supreme pride and comfort to know that there is delivered on my doorstep every lawful morning a document which records the comings in and goings out—and goings on—of the bellowing cafe set much more faithfully and meticulously than the journeys of St. Paul were ever recorded. But then, of course, St. Paul was merely founding churches. The entertainers, one gathers from Miss Kilgallen's observations, are much more productively engaged in founding families of sorts.

I should perhaps have never been moved to comment on Miss Kilgallen's life work had I not encountered in her fulminations, the other morning, the precious name of a divorcee called "Princess Honeychile Hohenlohe." This appellation excited my risibilities to

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The College in a bridal mood. Picture taken last September by Don Macdonald.

BATTERY BIRDS TAKE TO DRINK

Occasionally I hear of battery birds producing very wet, objectionable droppings and the removal of the droppings has become a messy and smelly business.

It is, of course, possible that someone has upset the salt box into the food or added too much protein, but these causes are comparatively rare. The real cause is invariably to be found in the battery house or in the management of the birds.

On one farm I visited it was proved that this sloppy condition of battery bird droppings was due to the over-consumption of pellets. The birds were greedy and having eaten more than was good for them, they drank copious amounts of water, no doubt in an endeavour to relieve the overloaded digestive system. The result was obvious — the droppings were so wet that they were running off the trays.

Apart from the over-consumption of food, some birds will eat too much food in too short a time, even though their daily ration is about normal. This is likely to happen where birds are given a weighed amount of pellets once a day. I remember a batch of birds being fed 5 oz. of pellets and seeing the entire ration consumed in as many minutes.

Having consumed their daily ration, these birds were left with an empty food trough but a full water trough. It is not surprising that they took to drink as a relief from boredom.

Hot, stuffy, badly ventilated

houses cause birds as well as humans to drink more water. Birds, however, have no sweat glands: some of the moisture is lost in breathing, but the majority of it is passed through with their droppings. A 5 per cent increase in water consumption will turn normal droppings into a morass.

Birds that are overfat often have loose droppings which also may be due to an increase in the water consumption. Stale or fowl-sick conditions are yet other causes. Thus can be remedied first by thoroughly cleaning the battery house and cages and secondly

by feeding an antibiotic for two or three weeks at the so-called high-level.

Sour food or sour water will invariably result in a loose condition. This might be due to a greater water intake or scouring as the result of the bacterial infection in the intestines. Once again an antibiotic is indicated.

Other causes of this obnoxious wet dropping condition in batteries are disease, such as fowl paralysis, tumours, enteritis and a catarrhal condition of the intestines, fright and the feeding of a ration that is much higher than usual in both energy and protein.



Visitors at Macdonald College, L. to R. Front Row: Denis McVicar and Donald Parker, of Lachute. Back Row: Alfred Rousseau, agronomist for Mississquoi County; the 4-H Club monitor; F. A. Huberdeau, assistant agronomist of Mississquoi County, and J. E. Audet, chief of the Quebec Young Breeders' Club.



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LET'S MAKE . . .

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is only obtained by sowing a blend of several varieties suited to conditions and climates. Only study, experiment and experience teach which are the best grasses for different localities and soils. Therefore it is advisable to purchase from a reliable firm lawn grass mixtures suited to your requirements.

Use one quart of lawn grass seed for 300 square feet (an area 15 x 20 ft.) This may seem a liberal quantity, but fine leaved lawn grasses do not fill out to the same extent as the coarse pasture grasses and we want to get a lawn quickly, to crowd out the weeds which are in all soils.

After sowing the seed it should be raked in and then the ground should be rolled. There are special lawn grass mixtures for very shady lawns. Mowing should be in the spring as soon as the grass is two or three inches high.

Great benefit is derived from rolling the lawn in the spring. Freezing and thawing causes the ground to heave and if it is not firmly pressed back with a roller before hot weather, the grass is apt to be injured, leaving the lawn full of bare spots.

Grass must be fed just as the crops are. Apply commercial fertilizer in spring or fall according to the needs of the lawn.

There are always weeds to control. The perennial weeds such as dandelions, dock, and thistle, can either be dug out, or treated with special poisons.

OYEZ, OYEZ . . .

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such an extent that I upset my tea and tore my crumplet.

Such persons as Miss Kilgallen and her ilk have contributed no little to the monstrous legend that anyone whose name has ever appeared in lights or who has ever excited a half-swacked night club crowd to mirth should be deified and worshipped in the same abandon with which ancient Rome created gods when all the emperors were off their onions.

This genuflection before entertainment names is a fairly new development in our so-called civilization. Be-bop girls and crooners and other denizens of histrionia have come a long way since Charles Dickens devoted several delightful chapters of his "Nicolas Nickleby" to posing, posturing and rather preposterous theatrical personages in the Vincent Crummles company. Having rubbed shoulders rather intimately with theatrical people over a rather long period of years, I am convinced that Dickens' creations of fancy, from the Infant Prodigy, suspected of having been dwarfed by gin, to the wailings of Miss Petowker, are a shade nearer the mark of nature than the dramatis personae of Dorothy Kilgallen.

Nevertheless I deeply appreciate Miss Kilgallen's efforts. When this lady starts whooping up the tinsel and dropping tinsel names, I can truly say, with the poet, that I haven't had so much fun since the pigs et my brother Charlie.

BOOK REVIEWS
FOR LOST SOULS

By Barry Mather

Lost?

The Queen's Printer has published a booklet called "1958 Search-Rescue Survival." It is for the benefit of persons lost in the woods and is enough to scare the ants off you.

After reading it I plan to stay in the house.

Oh, it starts off brightly enough . . . "There is nothing disgraceful in becoming lost" . . . that sort of stuff. But read on, brother.

"Paper money can be used for lighting fires," says the author, possibly an Orthodox Social Crediter. "Thread from clothes can weave a fish net . . ." "Eat no food on the first day of survival" . . . "A diet of rabbits only will make you ill in about a week . . ." "To knock porcupines off trees hit them on nose with a stick" . . . "Roasted grubs have a nutty flavor and are nourishing, fried . . ." "The middle stem shoots of ferns are edible. If in doubt eat a small quantity and wait 24 hours."

(What if, after waiting 24 hours, you find that the middle stem shoots are not edible?).

Well, well, this MAY be useful to those lost in the wilds. But — what is being done for those lost in nothing. And yet every week people are lost in Mezzanines, Crescents and Detours.

Here are a few practical tips to those lost in the city.—

If lost in Mezzanines: Walk through the halls chanting, "Call for Meester Juns . . . for Meester Smeet . . . for Meester Brun . . . for Meester Uhrunmwhijum . . ." These are the most popular names. Call them often enough and someone will answer you.

If lost in the city: First — if you plan a city trip be sure to let someone know where you are going. This may save hours of search later.

If lost in the suburbs: Stand still, otherwise you may go around in crescents. A good plan is to carry two or three bones. When lost you can then go boldly up to a house, throwing bones to dogs. Knock on door and pretend you are a single man looking for rooms to rent. When you have gained the owner's confidence offer his son \$2.50 to guide you back home.

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Twenty short years ago, production of broilers and turkeys in Eastern Canada was small, seasonal, and sideline. Today broiler and turkey production is large-scale, year-round, highly efficient specialized **business**.

Ask the Poultry Department people what prompted and who prompted this striking development. They'll list many contributing factors — but the biggest single factor was the Purina salesman! He took busloads of poultrymen to see the great Pennsylvania and Delmarva broiler areas, set up demonstration flocks in rented barns, promoted cut-up chicken outlets.

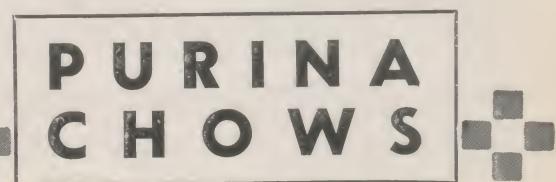
You can see something of the same sort coming in hog production. From small sideline it's developing into large-scale specialty. Ask the Animal Husbandry people who is doing most to bring volume-efficiency into this field!

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